

# Like a Corny Old Song

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Summary: One day I feel so happy Next day I feel so sad I'll guess I'll learn to take the good with the bad Cause each night I ask the stars up above Why must I be a teenager in love? (AKA Hijack high school romance with a twist thrown in)

## 1. crush

**\*\*A/N:** walk into the club like WHATTUP IMMA A SENIOR YEAAAAAAAAAH. That's right, exams and school are officially done for me until August! To celebrate have a Hijack fic I've been working on and off of for a little over a month C: Expected length is four chapters, with some of the story already typed up but a lot more waits to be created, it'll be an awkward process because it's being composed on my iPod so I have to post it on AO3 on my internet there before hopping on my laptop and putting it onto Microsoft Word to put on . But yeah anything for Hijack yanno. SO YEAH ENJOOOOOOY\*\*

Hiccup wasn't sure what he was.

He knew he was a boy, more on the skinny side with freckles plastered everywhere and knobby knees, and he was fine with it. His lips were thin and hid his big front teeth and his eyes were a deep forest green, and when he looked close enough a ring of hazel could be found in them. He had ten fingers and five toes (a result of an unfortunate fire he got caught in) and he chose his left hand over his right to get through a day.

He considered himself to be at a good social level, he was just a student in a crowd with a ring of friends that liked him and wanted to be there. He had A's and B's and was part of the National Science Honor Society and the Workshop club at his school.

He was one of a three-person family, more like two but their hulk of a dog counted just as much as him and his father. He and his father understood each other and had a strong bond, mostly due to the forest

fire he'd almost died in.

Hiccup was fine with where he was, he was fine with the people he surrounded himself with, and he was fine with the way he looked.

He just wasn't sure what his sexuality was.

From the time he was four the only thing he knew then was that boys and girls were supposed to like each other, so he stuck with that.

For the duration of his time through pre-k and elementary school his sole interest was in girls, none more so than Astrid.

Astrid was the girl all the boys hung around, because unlike other girls she liked to wrestle them into the dirt and play kickball and run around screaming instead of swinging or playing house under the trees like other girls. Up until second grade he was too shy to even look at her, but then he screwed up the nerve one day and asked her if she wanted to climb the jungle gym with him. He could've sworn he would faint after the encounter, though she had smiled with an 'OK' and dragged him to the bars.

So it was from then to fifth grade they were friends, him keeping his crush a secret and settling with eating lunch and playing during recess together and being buddies on field trips.

Then middle school and puberty changed his mind.

Suddenly hair was growing in places he never thought it'd grow from, his voice began to go up and down, and the cherry on top was the most awkward silence he'd ever experienced when his Dad sat him down and explained the birds and the bees. He only hoped such a thing never happened to him again, and that nobody else ever had to suffer through it.

Things seemed to be fine until he watched Titanic. It had been mere curiosity, more of seeing what was possibly experienced in the incident from a passenger's standpoint. He sure hadn't expected the first breasts he ever saw to be from a movie about a sinking ship. He made himself look away, mock gagging to distract himself from that whole sequence. Then they'd gotten in the car. He watched the guy grab her breasts and felt his stomach knot in a bad way. Then suddenly the window of the car was fogged up and then a hand slapped against it and he couldn't turn the TV off any faster with his shaky hands.

Normal boys were supposed to get awkward boners from that. He hadn't.

He had worried about it at first, but resigned to staying quiet about it and focus on school.

It wasn't until he heard Snotlout boast about having banged with every girl in the school he got scared. When the other boys started asking his cousin for details he left in a hurry, breathing hard and in panic.

When he started to lose sleep his father sat him down again and tried to get the problem out.

Admitting to his Dad how he didn't like girls was the second-most scariest thing he'd ever done.

But instead of being yelled at for not liking girls like he thought would happen, his father only let out a breath and a relieved smile.

"It's fine if you don't like girls, if other boys make you happy, what difference does it make?"

He'd never heard more reassuring words in his life.

So during middle school he was convinced he was gay.

He only told his closest friends, and his cousin had been the only one to show disgust (he'd gotten over it once they got to high school), and he'd found himself crushing over famous actors and would avidly watch any movies they starred in.

Then he had to go do something he was still ashamed of to this day.

He'd started to worry about sex again, and how whenever he touched himself he only ever focused on the feeling of it when it seemed others got wet dreams or came up with fantasies, and he was slowly panicking and nerves once again made him make a reckless move.

In this case it had been to visit a porn website.

His Dad had been off at the bar with his friend Gobber and said he wouldn't be back until much later. He remembered how much his hands had shook and how slowly he had to type and how hard his heart beat from fear and adrenaline. He'd fidgeted, biting his lip and fisting his hands in his too long sleeves, as the video loaded.

Then all too suddenly there was two guys groaning and touching each other on the screen and he lasted all of seven seconds before he closed the window and slammed the laptop shut, fighting to keep himself from spilling his dinner everywhere.

Once he was sure nothing would come up he realized what had happened and sunk deeper into despair.

Now he was in high school and wasn't sure what to think.

It didn't help that he found himself crushing on a boy and a girl.

At first it was just Merida, a transfer student from Scotland with fiery curls and freckles and the clearest blue eyes he'd ever seen. She was loud and reckless and would constantly drag him off to who knows where but his heart would flutter every time they touched.

Then Jack barged his way into the picture, spinning and jumping with white locks and a laugh that caused butterflies to dance in his stomach, and was always trying to get Hiccup involved in pranks and this time he felt sparks when their fingertips touched.

By now he didn't care that he liked boys and girls, what scared him the most was that he had no sexual attraction. He crushed on people, but never for their chest or their butt, but by what their personality was and what they liked and it made him confused because everybody else seemed to be getting so excited over each others privates. Internet searches had turned up the term 'asexual' after he typed in his situation and lots of research followed after that and he was scared that was the truth, and how everybody else would react to it after reading all those other stories he found off Google of others experiences in coming out as asexual.

He didn't want to be treated any different because he preferred cuddling over heavy petting.

"Hey Hiccup."

Hiccup turned away from his open locker to see Jack standing there, with his usual crooked grin. He smiled back and shut his locker, turning to face his friend.

"Hey Jack, did that Algebra test go okay?"

Jack nodded, readjusting his bag on his shoulder.

"Yeah, thanks by the way, would've bombed it if you hadn't helped."

Hiccup smiled a little wider at that, remembering to when he'd helped him, sitting facing each other on Hiccup's bed as he explained sigmas and regressions.

"So how about the movies?"

Hiccup blinked out of his memories, staring at Jack in a stupor.

"Movies?"

Jack raised an eyebrow, nodding his head.

"Yeah. To thank you. I saw that new dragon movie was out, and figured we could go see it. I'll pay for everything."

Hiccup gaped for a second, leaving Jack nervously tapping his foot which got him because Hiccup was used to Jack \_never being nervous\_, before he nodded dumbly.

"O-Okay, uh, when?"

Jack smiled and responded eagerly. "You free tonight? Pick you up at five?"

"Great, see you then?"

"See you then." Then of course Jack had to send him a look over his shoulder while walking away, leaving Hiccup falling back onto his locker thanks to his legs having gone to jello.

He allowed himself a rare smile, one that usually never graced his lips, before regaining feeling in his legs and walking to his next

class, heart beating in excitement.

Stoick relaxed back in his chair, settling in with a beer and a game on the television, content to how this night would be.

He glanced over at his son, curled up with Toothless on their couch. He was switching between staring at his phone and their old grandfather clock while petting his friend in hopes to calm his nerves. He only chuckled and shook his head.

"It's barely even ten to five, nobody arrives exactly on the dot, or early for that matter."

Hiccup snapped out of his trance and sighed, fidgeting with the edge of his sleeve.

"I know, but, I can't help it. What if something came up and he forgot to tell me, or maybe found someone better-"

Stoick frowned and sat up, giving his son a stern glare.

"Never think like that. He will come,"

He sat back and grinned,

"besides, with how much you've gone on about him, he doesn't sound like the one to make a promise and forget it."

Hiccup ignored that last part, busying himself with checking his phone as he mentally kicked himself for those times he talked about Jack, especially when he looked back and realized it was frequently he mentioned his friend.

Were they even friends now? Was this going to be a one-time thing, or a five-time thing? And did Jack really want that with him-

The door bell made him jump and Toothless bound to the door, barking up a storm.

He quickly stood up and walked over, commanding Toothless to heel as he opened the door, letting out an inner sigh of relief when he was met with Jack's face.

"Hey, sorry if I'm early."

Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Like I'd mind."

He retreated back inside to grab his jacket, stopping to say good bye to Toothless and shouting over his shoulder.

"The movie starts at six, I'll call and let you know when it's over."

"Take your time, s'long as you're home before eleven."

"Alright, bye Dad."

Stoick heard the door shut and saw Toothless come back in from the

hallway, looking pretty down at having Hiccup leave. He curled up in his bed and let out a whine, still looking over at the door. Stoick only shook his head and smiled good-naturedly.

"You and me both."

"They could've done better."

"Yeah, sad that they killed Tatum so early on."

Ruffnut scoffed as she tossed her empty candy box into a trashcan. "They put him in just to attract a female audience, everybody knows that."

Astrid nodded and sipped at her drink. "True, at least the action was decent."

They started to name off better examples of action movies, becoming engrossed enough to where they never saw an incoming collision.

"Yeah, fighting robots and explosions is cool but Bay has to make it so fast-paced you can barely pay atten-" Astrid bumped into somebody and stepped back, quickly apologizing before her eyes lit up in recognition.

"Hiccup, hey."

The mentioned boy spun on the spot and stared at the two girls in shock, and slightly in panic before straightening up and putting up a cool facade.

"Astrid, Ruffnut, hi. What're you guys doing here- well obviously to see a movie."

Astrid could tell he was hiding something, it was that tiny moment of panic he could never mask that usually gave him away.

Ruffnut either didn't notice or decided to ignore it, and replied, "Yeah, just came from watching the new G.I. Joe and started talking about better action movies."

Hiccup only nodded and crossed his arms, glancing around as if searching for something, responding, "Nice, I came to see the new 'Tale of the Night Fury' that's out."

Astrid couldn't help but smirk at that. Hiccup had a huge fascination with dragons, ever since they were in Kindergarten. Figures that he would come to see it.

"Right up your alley, let us know how it is."

They were going to leave at that, missing Hiccups look of relief, until they spotted Jack coming up behind their friend laden with two drinks and an extra-large thing of popcorn.

They all collectively stared at each other, Hiccup turning to look and giving a small groan when he realized who just arrived, Astrid and Ruffnut trying to figure out why Jack was suddenly there and holding food for two, before Jack spoke,

"Since it looks like you're busy here, I'll just go ahead and save some seats Hic."

Hiccup nodded all too quickly.

"Yeah, great idea, be with you in a sec."

Jack passed off one of the drinks to Hiccup before walking off to the theater where their movie was to be viewed.

The three stood in an awkward silence, Hiccup staring down at his drink while Astrid and Ruffnut stared at him, not breaking until a wicked grin stretched across Ruff's face.

"You're on a daaaate-"

Hiccup covered his eyes with a hand before pleading,

"Please don't-"

"With your cruuuuuush-"

"Please stop-"

"He's gonna hug yooooou-"

"Seriously-"

"He's gonna kiss yooooou-"

"RUFFNUT."

Ruffnut ceased her singing and dancing, but held the grin, as Astrid mirrored the same grin before asking,

"Well then explain!"

Hiccup ran a hand through his hair as he sighed,

"I helped him study for a test, and he wanted to thank me-"

"By taking you out to a movie?"

Hiccup sighed again and rubbed at his eyes, "Look it's not like tha-"

"Did he pick you up at your house?"

He stared at Astrid, trying to decipher her poker face, before he replied,

"Yes he did."

She crossed her arms and shifted her weight to one foot before asking again, "Did he pay for the tickets and food?"

He hesitantly nodded, before Astrid smiled again, "And were you both looking forward to this?"

Hiccup groaned and covered his face with his hand again, realizing she was right, he was on a date with his crush.

Ruffnut laughed and started to walk off, calling over her shoulder,

"Nobody should be able to see your macking if you sit in the back row!"

Hiccup shook his head, muttering a half-hearted thanks under his breath. Astrid laughed and shook her own head, putting a hand on his shoulder to get his attention.

"Don't take it so seriously, you know Ruff. Go have a good time with Jack, and I want details later, ok?"

He only had enough time to smile and reply with an ok of his own before Astrid left to catch up with Ruffnut.

Hiccup let go of the breath he'd been holding in, turning to walk into the theater.

Jack sipped his soda, letting his mind start to wander around. The movie was good, the score was nice and the animation was incredibly realistic, but his attention had been pulled elsewhere since the opening credits rolled.

Hiccup's face had immediately changed the second the lights went down, his eyes widening as they absorbed the details of the dragons and mouth falling open just slightly in awe, occasionally opening wide enough for a few pieces of popcorn to be tossed in, chewed, then swallowed.

Jack was glad that there wasn't that many people in the theater, and the few who were sat at the front, far away from their place in the back, so he wasn't worried of having somebody point him out.

Yeah, so he had a crush on Hiccup. The teen was intelligent, wonderfully sarcastic, had masses of freckles Jack adored, the brightest eyes, a smile that was hard to get out but worth it once it showed, and infinitely more than could be listed.

He could honestly watch Hiccup the whole time.

Which is what he realized he did when out of the corner of his eye he saw the movie title being showed again along with the start of the end credits. He quickly snapped his head to the screen, incase Hiccup was finally out of his movie trance, to feign having watched the whole movie instead of staring and counting the freckles he could see dotting the others face neck and hands.

Soon they were walking out into the cool air outside, Hiccup babbling on and on about the animation, the soundtrack, the plot, character development, how it wouldn't get the proper amount of recognition it deserved because everybody would think it was such a kid's movie, and Jack smiled the whole way because that was something he loved about the younger teen. How absorbed he could become and how he'd lose himself in talking and explaining things no matter what it was. He was passionate.



All too soon they were standing in Hiccups driveway and his heart sank at realizing this date was over.

Was he allowed to consider it that? He'd been meaning to ask the other out but he'd been embarrassingly scared (considering it was him, \_Jack Overland\_) to do it and found thanking him to be the best way and he totally just went on a date with his crush no doubt about it.

They stood for awhile, until Hiccup spoke,

"Um yeah, so . . . thanks for that. I really enjoyed it."

Jack smiled and nodded, shoving his hands into his hoodie pocket.

"Same here. Your in-depth analysis on the way back was pretty interesting."

Hiccup blinked and gave a nervous chuckle, swinging his arms and responding back,

"Ah geez, sorry about that- it's just how I react after getting so deep into something."

An awkward pause settled between them, until Hiccup started to walk to his front door, talking over his shoulder.

"I guess I'll see you Monday, unless you want to-"

"I want to do that again."

Hiccup stopped and turned to look at the older, a look of bewilderment on his face. Jack had to let his brain catch up with what he just said before he continued,

"Maybe next Friday? Or whatever works with you? And you can chose what to do next time, hell we can go see that movie again if you really want-"

"You mean. . . like a. . . date?"

Icy blue and forest green stared at each other, until a flawless smile graced the pale face.

"Yeah. A date."

Then Hiccup smiled that one smile that was always worth getting out, giving an airy laugh and pushing a hand through his bangs.

". . . alright. Friday then I guess. Can I think over what to do and tell you Monday or-?"

"Take as long as you need. I'll wait until the last minute if I have to."

Hiccup nodded and stood there a second longer, until he said goodbye and turned to walk into his house, making eye contact with Jack as he shut the door.

Hiccup would stand in the hallway for another five minutes, replaying the conversation and smiling in disbelief at finally dating his crush.

Jack would walk a total of five feet from the edge of the driveway before running the whole way to his house, laughing and whooping in joy at finally asking his crush out.

## 2. date

"There you are!"

Hiccup blinked and looked to his left, seeing Astrid standing next to his desk. She slid into the seat next to him, dropping her bag by her side and propping a chin on her hand with a smirk.

"So how'd it go?"

He smiled and set his pencil down, having been previously doing a lazy background sketch of a place he and Toothless would go hide in the forest, using his hands as he spoke.

"It was great, just everything about it! The plot was really well done, and nicely paced. Characters were good too, especially the voice actors,"

Astrid rolled her eyes in a knowing way, figures he would start with the movie. She sat and listened though, waiting patiently until he finished his excited talk.

"-and the attention to detail, I don't know where to start with that, you could see the veins in their eyes when the camera did a close-up! If you get the time to, you should go see it."

She nodded in response, straightening up to ask,

"Sure, sounds good. . . I meant the whole 'date' part with Jack though."

Hiccup blinked and gave a nervous chuckle.

"Oh, right, well nothing really happened after we left the movie theater. . . until we got to my house."

"Go on!"

He ran a hand through his hair, a small smile in place.

"Well, uh, we agreed we wanted to have, uh another date."

Astrid smiled and crossed her arms, leaning back in her seat.

"About time for both of you."

Hiccup paused and was about to ask her what exactly she meant by 'about time' but the bell rang and class started before he could. He could only sigh and pick up his copy of the book the class was reading and continued where he left off, far ahead of where everybody else was at.

He couldn't help but digress from the text to rethink over his date idea. He wanted to go out and eat somewhere and just walk around afterwards with Jack, it was perfect yeah, but he kept on over thinking it. Was it going to be too expensive? Too cheap? And who knew if Jack would change his mind at the last second-

The bell clanged around and startled Hiccup, letting out a breath as he started to put his things away. He got up to leave and looked up, and his heart sped up when he found Jack waiting by the door, face brightening a bit as they made eye contact.

He walked up to him, noticing Jack holding a paper. He glanced up and rose his eyebrow, prompting Jack to grin and hold it up, showing a 90 written in red pen.

"Passed it. You should consider tutoring others, considering I got this good a grade after being as bad as I was before."

Hiccup rolled his eyes as they fell into step next to each other, walking towards their next class.

"That'll be the day, anybody actually listening to me, besides Astrid, Fishlegs, Merida, Rapunzel, and you."

Jack laughed and shook his head.

"Don't be such a pessimist, wait until you make some invention that'll destroy world hunger. So did you decide on anything?"

"For this Friday? Yeah uh,"

They stopped outside Jack's next class, Hiccup shrugging as he continued,

"I was just thinking that dinner somewhere and just walking around would be nice."

Oh god saying it out loud sounded stupid why did he ever think it was a good idea-

"Great!"

He turned to Jack, blinking owlshly at the response.

"Really? It's not stupid, or mushy?"

Jack simply smiled and shook his head.

"It's great. Simple dinner and walking around under the stars. What more does it need?"

Hiccup smiled back.

"Nothing I guess."

The warning bell rang, two minutes left until the next class. Jack flashed a smirk and said a quick 'seeya' before disappearing into his class, Hiccup breathing a sigh of relief as he walked to his own.

Now he had to wait.

A week later Stoick was in the same place as previous, but not with the same feeling and posture as before. He sat ram rod straight, hands on his knees with his stern boss face on as he addressed his son.

"Alright now, you need to be back at eleven, not a second later, no funny business. If he tries to get you to do anythin' you don't wanna do, say no and leave. And don't think I won't hear about whatever you do, it's a small town, somebody'll tell me sooner or later so don't do it in the first place. . . "

Hiccup couldn't help but roll his eyes at the display, since he used the word 'date' this time around it meant a different reaction from his father.

". . . and you know Gobber won't hesitate to step in should that ever happen."

He sighed and placed a hand on Hiccups shoulder, look softening.

"But most of all, have fun, and be safe."

The teen smiled and nodded, and the doorbell rang at that moment. Toothless again went at the door, barking loud enough for people within a two mile radius to hear.

Once the pitbull mix was calmed, Hiccup opened the door to a smiling Jack.

"Ready?"

Hiccup nodded, about to walk out and start his date, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him and made him groan.

"Evening Jack, you seem to be doing well."

Jack blinked at the appearance of the father with a metaphorical shotgun, but took it all in stride with a smile and a nod.

"Yes I am Mr. Haddock, I hope the same can be said for you."

A nerve-wracking (at least to Hiccup) silence rose for a moment, until Stoick came to some kind of approval in his mind, removing his hand from his sons shoulder and placing both hands on his own hips.

"Have him back at eleven. Emphasis on \_at\_."

Jack continued to smile and nod, reaching out and taking Hiccup by the hand (unknowingly causing butterflies to fly in the brunetts stomach) and gently pulling him by his side.

"You got it sir, I'll take good care of him."

He started to lead Hiccup away, Hiccup taking a second to talk over his shoulder to his father.

"I'll text you when we're done, so you know when to expect us back."

Once out of range of the protective father, which was twenty feet from the edge of the driveway, Hiccup sighed and hung his head.

"I am so sorry about my dad, you know he's not usually like that."

Jack only laughed and flexed his grip on Hiccups hand, making the youngers heart stutter for a second.

"I don't blame him, knowing the kind of prankster I am."

Hiccup rolled his eyes, remembering back to the many things the other had done, from simple prank phone calls to what he'd heard of a famous one, and the most he knew about that was it involved lots of snow and a severely pissed off Australian fellow.

They slipped into a comfortable silence, not feeling the need to constantly talk with each other, and Hiccup couldn't help but dwell on how nice it felt to hold Jacks hand.

Jack always had cold hands, proven many times by him sticking his pale hands in others faces or on the back of their necks, but it was pleasant. It was like the chill of the autumn wind, or a glass of ice on a hot summer day. He wondered if it was any different if they entwined their fingers. . .

As if reading his mind, Jacks fingers started to shift around to fit between Hiccups own.

The freckled boy had to take a second to recognize that yes they were holding hands and everybody could see and he was trying to fight a smile down because he'd never felt like this before.

Eventually they arrived at their destination, a set of stairs that led down to somewhere, a neon green sign that addressed the place as 'The Warren'.

Hiccup blinked and a deadpan look took over his face.

"Did you just bring us to a bar?"

"Pfft, kind of. They serve food, they have the best burgers here by the way. Plus, I know the manager."

Hiccup blinked again as he was led down the stairs and into the bar.

"How do you-?"

"You know \_'Blizzard of apartment 68'\_"?"

Hiccups eyes widened as realization hit him.

"You mean that guy owns this place? And you know him, and puts up with you?"

Jack looked over his shoulder at Hiccup and pouted,

"You say that as if it's a bad thing!"

"Watcha doin' here Frost?"

Both turned to the opened door to find a tall, tanned and grey haired man standing in the doorway. His grass green eyes stared at Hiccup for awhile before shifting to Jack.

"You got me, never expected to see ya with anybody. Especially Stoicks kid."

Jack laughed as Hiccups face flushed slightly.

"Admit it Kangaroo, I don't get on \_everybody's\_ nerves!"

The Aussie rolled his eyes and muttered about how ridiculous the nickname was under his breath, stepping back and opening the door for more access.

"Well, ya gonna have dinner or not?"

After a fine dining of hamburgers and flat soda, the two teens made their way out, after Jack and Aster got into a debate of whether the teen got a discount for being friends with the man (it ended with the owner of the bar getting fed up and agreeing to the 'bloody ridiculous' discount).

Now they were just walking around, holding hands again to Hiccups joy, to who knew where.

"Anywhere specific you want to go?"

Jack shrugged and leant his head back to look up at the sky, stars poking out and the moon shining brightly down onto them,

"I don't care where we go, as long as it's with you."

Hiccup smiled, and they continued to walk in that same comfortable silence from before, until Jack stopped with a look of epiphany on his face.

"I know where we should go!"

And just like that they were running, Hiccup doing his best to run with his fake leg as Jack laughed the whole time, buildings rushing past changing to the nearby woods and they didn't stop until Jack stopped at the edge of a clearing in the forest.

Hiccup panted heavily, trying to gain back his breath and a cramp forming from running so much after just eating, taking in the sight before him.

A pond stretched out before them, moon glistening off the water, a breeze went past and ruffled some of the tall grass sitting by the edge of it, the only sound being the occasional cricket and the breathing of the two boys. A gnarled tree sat to the side of the pond, showing a testament to the time it had been there, with how far out the roots stretched. Next to the tree and behind the pond, an enormous rock sat, time and use whittling it to a few ledges, good

spots for someone to jump and dive into the water below.

Jack started to pull them around the pond, speaking as he went,

"Found this place when I was ten, used to bring my sister here all the time until she went to hospital, I usually come here to get away from everything and take a breath or whenever I have nothing better to do."

They climbed over the tree roots and pulled themselves on top of the rocks, sitting and watching the water below.

"It's a good place to practice ice-skating, last time I did it I almost died though."

Hiccup remembered that, it had been winter break five years ago, when Jack had just been a face in the crowd to him. At the time his sister hadn't gotten sick yet and was enjoying some ice-skating with her brother, until the ice cracked beneath her. Jack had been able to pull her out of harms way at the cost of him falling in instead.

He'd happen to have been walking Toothless around at the time, and had heard her scream for her brother. The hole in the ice had been enough for him to run calling for help. If Hiccup hadn't been there, Jack would've died for sure.

". . . and Mary was tested for cancer not long after that, so I haven't really had as much fun as I used to here."

Hiccup nodded and things went quiet. He hadn't expected Jack to regale his tale, which begged the question,

"Then why bring me here?"

Jack smiled and nudged an arm against Hiccup, looking up at him from where he was leaned over.

"To make better memories with this place, especially with you."

Hiccup smiled back at him, aimlessly kicking his feet from where they hung.

"I have my own place like this, by my house. It's where I found Toothless, and nobody else has really been there."

"Maybe you'll show it to me one day?"

That made Hiccup grow quiet. Would he? He'd never even spoken about it until just now, and he'd had his secluded spot ever since he was eight. Without thinking he responded,

"Eventually. . . you'd have to be my boyfriend or something."

He wanted to take it back the moment he said it, all he could do was sit in anxiety as Jack absorbed the words.

". . . Well, do you want a relationship with me?"

Wow he hadn't expected things to turn out like this and his mind was drawing a blank and gods was this really happening?

"To be honest Hic, I've had a crush on you for the longest time."

Hiccup looked at Jack, whom had pulled a leg up to rest his chin on and was staring out across the clearing.

"I think it was when we started high school, after the fire you got caught in. Everybody was talking about how big of a hero you were, but every time I looked at you I just saw a cute guy. Then I got you involved in one of my pranks and we became friends, and then I started to like how you talk, your freckles, your sarcasm. . . "

Jack laughed and turned to Hiccup, a smile he didn't see often stretching across the others face.

"I'm making an idiot of myself, aren't I?"

Hiccup swallowed and shook his head, scooting himself closer to the other.

"N-No I, if we're coming clean here, I'll admit I have a crush on you too. You make everything seem better, you always find something to make others laugh, and you genuinely care about others. . . "

They trailed off into silence, each contemplating what had just been said.

". . . a week ago we were friends, and here we are now. . . "

". . . do you really want that with me? I mean I. . . "

Should he come out to Jack? Was now the right time? Well it was if they were a few words away from a potential relationship, but that fear still clung at him. What if Jack turned up his nose and claimed he wanted somebody who'd have sex with him? And what if he went even further to question how he was so sure about being asexual, and try to make a move on him? The longer he puzzled on it the drier his throat got and the more scared he became, until a hand pressed on top of his and brought his attention up to startlingly blue eyes.

"Whatever it is I don't care. The only thing I know is that I want to be your boyfriend."

The simple statement got to Hiccup and made him realize the same. What it boiled down to was that he wanted to be able to openly like Jack. If he didn't want to be treated differently, why was he doing so to himself?

He nodded back.

"Me too."

Ten minutes before eleven they arrived back at Hiccups house, idly saying a few last things before they departed.



Jack would walk less than three feet away before stopping and contemplating something, turn back to Hiccup and press a chaste kiss to his freckled cheek, before jogging off with one last look over his shoulder.

Hiccup would stand there a bit after the kiss, reaching his hand up to rub at the spot, until a smile broke across his face, walking into his house with excitement of finally telling his Dad of his first \_'high school sweetheart'.\_

### 3. fight

Walking into school that next Monday morning was one of the best things. Hiccup walked up to the school as he usually did, meeting up with his friends outside the building. Just when he was about to tell them his news, he felt arms snake around his waist and he totally didn't squeak in surprise and blush at the action as Jack said his hello. No better way to say 'I have a boyfriend' than that.

So the usual typical relationship stuff happened after that, gossip flying around at the new couple and bets on how long they would last, many girls throwing fits because of the 'typical hot guy being gay' scenario, and dinners with the others families.

Dinner with Stoick had been mostly uneventful, minus the major embarrassment when Stoick decided to take up the duty of sharing childhood stories, filled with hunting trolls and throwing toys out into the sea, and Jacks dinner. . .

Now Jacks family was something else. . .

His immediate family was his mom and sister, but there was an extended family he'd never heard about. So his experience had been fingers in his teeth, Russian kisses on cheeks, sign language, and an impromptu chase between teen and six feet of Australian.

He couldn't remember the last time he had laughed and smiled so hard it hurt.

For a month it was hugs, handholding, and kisses on cheeks and nothing any further. Until their second month of dating.

By that time they'd learned much more about each other. Like how exactly Jacks extended family came to be, Hiccups side of the story with his fire accident, how truly scared Jack was for his sister, how much Toothless meant to Hiccup, and much more.

That led to Hiccup showing Jack his secret cove.

He told his own story of stumbling there one day, when the day previous a dog had saved him from a bear, to find the same dog (whom became Toothless) there, and secretly caring for him until the mutt was well enough to take to his house. He found solace in the secret place since then, and said that he too wanted to share this place with Jack.

That's when they shared their first kiss. It had been awkward nose bumps, mashed lips, and nervous giggles when they realized just how

bad they were at touching mouths to other mouths, but Hiccup wouldn't have it any other way.

Three months in they were well into make-out sessions and full out cuddling when alone. Hiccup couldn't help but dread the day they advanced anywhere past that.

He wasn't going to ignore the factor of teenage hormones, everybody else said all the time to abstain but really what was the point? Putting a big NO on the topic just made people push to go against it even more, because really what else did they expect to happen when you put two horny teenagers alone in a room?

Jack didn't seem to be pushing anywhere towards that, and Hiccup was silently grateful for that. Though he never payed attention to how Jack would sometimes fidget with the hem of his jacket after some intense kissing and say he had to get home or excuse himself to the bathroom.

Which brought them to their current place and time, playing video games in Hiccups room on no particular day, they'd just gotten into the habit of doing this every other day.

Particularly today would be different, and not just because they decided to play Super Smash Brothers over Portal, but probably because of Hiccups choice to sit between Jacks thighs and lean back into his chest.

The brunett was enjoying kicking Jacks ass to the ground, until the platinum blonde decided to do something he'd later come to regret.

Hiccup scoffed as he felt Jack nuzzle into his hair, the other boys arms squeezing tighter around his waist.

"Jack Overland, I never believed you to pull a sly trick such as this. Distracting me from virtual fighting?"

He responded with a chuckle and pressed a kiss to the shell of Hiccups' ear.

"This? Nah, this is me showing affection for my boyfriend."

Hiccup couldn't help but grin at that, at how even after being called it so often, he still got tingles and smiled like a goof.

He tried to keep his focus on the game, until Jack's lips placed themselves at his neck. Looking back, he'd say he quite literally melted.

An unwilling sigh passed his lips and he went limp, fully slouching into his boyfriends chest as the game controller clattered onto the floor. Hiccup was just barely aware of Jack dropping his own controller, holding him closer as he continued to kiss the freckled neck before him, game fully forgotten.

He hummed and rolled his head to the side, allowing more access for the pale boy. He was hazily trying to figure out why he always reacted like this every time his neck was kissed, but the warm feeling coming from his chest and his gently thrumming heart were

making it extremely hard to do anything but lay there and sigh. Maybe it was because throughout his life, the only times his neck was touched was because of rough headlocks from Snotlout, or from some of his cousins posse. Never had it been treated so gently, to be worshipped like this.

He sighed again and shut his eyes, happy to stay like this forever.

Until Jack's kisses wandered away from gentle.

He twitched at the sensation of something sharp pressing along with the kisses (teeth?) and Jack's hands drifting away from his waist and making their way to his hips.

The warmth was fading, and the thrums were starting to quicken their pace.

And suddenly there were hands up his shirt and probing at his nipples, and he gasped harshly when a mouth bit and sucked at his collarbone.

"Jack wait-"

Jack was too lost and Hiccup was too breathless (from panic) to stop the actions. Jack pulled Hiccup closer to him and Hiccup gasped at feeling something poking at his backside and Jack's hands started to go down and oh god he was going to-

\_"Jack stop!"\_

The words rang out, startling the two boys, filled with panic and fear. Hiccup pushed himself away from Jack, hunching over and pressing a hand to his mouth, trying to push away the burn of acid at the back of his throat.

Then Jack was right next to him, hands on his back asking what was wrong, and Hiccup could hear the worry and concern in his voice but he was too busy panicking at feeling his mouth fill with the biting taste of bile and oh gods of course this would happen to him of all people.

He didn't remember bolting and barely making it to his trashcan, just staying there until he was dry-heaving with a rubbing hand on his back and another carding through his hair, and for a moment he completely forgot what had happened to cause his reaction, swallowing to try and get rid of the bitter taste in his mouth and relaxing back into his boyfriend's chest.

They sat in silence, Hiccup trying to calm his breathing and Jack running his hands up and down the other's arms to soothe him, until a shaky laugh from the platinum blonde broke it.

"That sure killed the mood."

The words snapped Hiccup from his stupor and he groaned, reaching a hand up to rub at his eyes.

"I'm sorry, i-it just happened-"

"Don't apologize, it couldn't be helped. Your stomach just decided to spew at that moment, probably just some food po-"

As he had replied to the other, the older had reached a hand around to press against the younger's stomach for emphasis.

With the memory of previous touching, Hiccup without thinking slapped the other's hand away, and shouted out a 'No!'

Silence came again, but much heavier than before.

They each sat wide eyed, paralyzed by the action, until Jack pulled away and stared as Hiccup whirled around with a panicked look.

"Jack I'm so sorry- I was just worried that-that pushing there would maybe make me vomit again-"

Hiccup continued to babble on, trying to cover his actions, while Jack's face changed to realization. He interrupted with a clipped tone,

"It was me wasn't it?"

Hiccup's jaw dropped, his throat too dry to come up with a response as Jack furrowed his eyebrows in thought,

"You threw up because I touched you."

He finally found his voice and stuttered out,

"N-No it's not like that Jack no-"

Jack stood up and grabbed his backpack and Hiccup felt like hurling all over again. Jack turned and walked towards Hiccup's bedroom door and he scrambled to reach out and stop the only person who could love a hiccup like him.

"No no Jack no \_wai-!\_"

The door slammed shut, and Hiccup sat in silence as he heard Jack's footsteps all the way to the front door, and heard that door open and slam close.

He sat there, hating himself for being incapable of stomaching even touching from his boyfriend (oh gods he hoped not ex-boyfriend), the sour taste of stomach acid sitting in his mouth with the burn of pinprick tears and the painful beat of his heart.

Stoick whistled happily as he walked his way home from the local grocery, having stopped there on the way home from work to pick up a few things for dinner. He had figured since Hiccup was having Jack over why not prepare something besides stew or whatever else was sitting in the fridge?

He had picked up chicken and sent a message to his son to preheat the oven a while ago, he hadn't received a reply but trusted his boy in doing the task, so if time worked out they could be eating within the next hour and a half.

Until he spotted Jack walking, more like storming, his way, head down

and fists clenched at his sides. He tried calling out to him, but the boy passed without even twitching in response.

His worst day had come, dealing with a first teenage heartbreak.

He quickened his pace, mind buzzing in trying to figure the state Hiccup would be in. He usually kept calm, but you could never know considering hormones.

He walked into his home to the sound of insistent scratching at the back door. He went into the kitchen to set the grocery bags down on the counter, and opened the backdoor only for Toothless to go shooting past, racing up the stairs. He followed the mutts lead, climbing the stairs as he called up,

"Hiccup! I saw Jack storming off on my way here, did anything happen? Son?"

He reached the top and grew worried when he saw Hiccup's door closed, Toothless sitting in front of it whimpering. He cautiously stepped up and knocked on the door, asking in a soft voice he'd scarcely used twice in his life.

"Hiccup, is everything alright?"

When no response came he took liberty as a parent and opened the door, finding Hiccup sitting and staring at the floor. Toothless carefully crept towards the boy, snuffling at the auburn hair before settling down and laying his head on the scrawny boys lap. The contact broke Hiccup from his trance and he looked at his friend before looking up at Stoick, showing off a prominent hickey at the spot where the neck and collarbone met and the man could smell something acrid in the air and his stomach clenched at the idea of what the hell that twig boy did to \_his \_\_\*\*son\*\*\_.

In a stern voice he demanded,

"Hiccup, \_what happened?\_"

Yet again no response came and his father instincts kicked in as he kneeled down to better look him in the eye.

"Did Jack try to make you do anythin'? Did he give you any drugs? Did he try to force himself on you? Did he hurt you-?"

Hiccup jerked his head side to side, taking in a shuddering breath as he squeezed his eyes shut, and to Stoick's suprise a tear dropped from his right eye.

"I screwed up. Like I always do. W-We were just playing a video game, th-then he was touching me and I told him to stop a-and then I went and puked my guts out and he thought it was because of him and walked out-"

He ran out of breath and tried to suck more in, reaching a hand up to wipe the tear away, only for another to appear.

"-b-but it wasn't him, i-it was me, like it \*\*always\*\* is."

He hung his head, leaving Stoick to ponder over what he just

said.

"You mean this all happened because you just got sick?" It was silly in any other situation, but apparently meant a lot now.

Hiccup nodded weakly, moving a hand to pet over the whining dog.

He gave a sympathetic smile as he placed a hand on Hiccups shoulder, making his son look up at him.

"It was just a misunderstandin', you can just go tell him so, right?"

Unknowing to him Hiccup began to panic on the inside.

\_Should he come out now? Could he be able to take his dads reaction?\_

Question after question bombarded his thoughts, bottom line being, \_could he handle this right now?\_

On the outside Hiccup only nodded after a moment of pause, speaking weakly,

"Yeah, I'll talk with him tomorrow."

The momentary pause worried Stoick, so he flexed his hand on the shoulder and asked,

"That is what happened, correct?"

Hiccup weakly smiled (\_a fake one\_) and said yes.

He smiled back and stood up, believing a job well-done,

"I'll be in the kitchen starting dinner, once you get yourself together, think you could help?"

Hiccup nodded again and continued to pet Toothless.

Stoick left, feeling relieved at helping with a teenage misunderstanding.

Hiccup would sit there for another twenty minutes, shifting so his face was buried in Toothless's chest to hide the rest of his silent tears, whispering \_'What do I do?\_' over and over again, until he went downstairs, facade up as he went about cooking mashed potatoes and setting the table, heart aching at having been looking forward to setting a third place.

#### 4. talk

\*\*A/N: Alright guys so here we go! So um yeah turns out this is gonna be like one more chapter I hope you're prepared for the feels ehHEHEHE\*\*

Why the hell did he do that?

Jack stomped his way down the street, noting somebody was calling out

to him, but his anger was too thick. No it wasn't that, or maybe it was, but he also felt hurt and a little bit like puking himself. He only kept asking himself,

'\_Did he feel like that every time we touched? Every time we kissed? No he would've said something, if he was that uncomfortable with it he would've been honest and said something. . . right?'\_

Hiccup did admit that sometimes he'd grin and bear a few things, such as the times he had to keep an eye on this one guy when he was a kid (Daggie-Dagur?) and other things he was too afraid to speak out about- \_oh god maybe he was grossed out all those times they touched.\_

Now he really did feel like stopping by a tree and emptying his stomach out.

He managed to push off the feeling, relief flooding his being when he reached a familiar building, quickening his pace. He pushed the door open, chimes ringing announcing his arrival, and walked up to the counter.

"Hey, is Tooth still in?"

The girl behind the counter, blinking her different colored eyes and pushing a feather extension behind her ear at her friends arrival, nodded and pointed at the door.

"About to leave in a few minutes, in her office."

He flashed her a smile (whom gave a small squeal at seeing his perfect teeth).

"Thanks Baby T."

He disappeared behind the door that led to the rooms behind, a few employees wrapping up some last minute dentist appointments, but he kept going until he reached the door to an office, opening it with no hesitation.

Behind the door stood a woman, packing up a bag as if to leave, but jumped at the sudden door opening. Her hair always caught his eye, it was brown hair piled up in a bun, but lots of feather extensions were added in her hair and shined with every turn of her head. She was dressed in scrubs that had a hummingbird pattern in a rainbow of colors, a coat thrown on to leave. Bright eyes blinked at him and she set her bag down.

"Jack? What are you doing here, I was literally about to leave and go see your Mom-"

"I-I didn't come from my house, I came from Hiccups."

She rose an eyebrow at the information, walking around her desk to better address him.

"Oh well, did something happen?" Her eyes widened and she rushed forward to place a hand on his shoulder. "Did you two have a fight? Are you alright? Do you want to talk about it?"

He paused before he shook his head, pulling away from the manicured hand, looking down at the floor.

"No, it's stupid, I shouldn't have come-it's just-you were the first person I thought of after leaving him-"

Her eyes widened further and forced him down into one of the chairs facing her desk, and sat herself down in the other as she placed her hand on his forearm.

"You left him? What exactly happened between you two?"

He kept looking down at the floor, now wondering why the hell he came here, why bother Tooth like this? It'd be better if he just left-

"Jack, please. I just want to help."

He looked up at her, seeing the clear concern in her eyes, and sighed.

"We were just playing a video game, and he was sitting in front of me, and I decided to tease him, and well. . . "

"So you were both being teenagers, that's fine-"

"Not that kind of teasing, more of the. . . you know. . . kissing. . . "

She rolled her eyes.

"That was what I meant Jack."

He gave a frustrated sigh and stood up, picking up a pace back and forth across her office.

"This is weird okay? I didn't expect to come to you to talk about my stupid hormone motives!"

"Then what did you come to talk to me about?"

He stopped and ran both hands through his hair before releasing in one single breath,

"I think Hiccup was grossed out by what I was doing to him and threw up."

The silence that followed unnerved him, and now he was between revisiting that thought of throwing up or running off to his pond and escaping these stupid feelings.

". . . Hiccup did what?"

Jack shoved his hands into his hoodie pocket and looked down at the floor again.

"He threw up because I was touching him, so clearly I messed up with being in a relationship."

He heard her stand up and walk up behind him, placing a hand back on



his shoulder.

"From when I first met him, I don't think he'd ever do such a thing because you touched him. The whole time he was over for dinner he happily held hands with you and hugged you whenever he could, almost like he'd never known the feeling."

He looked over his shoulder at her, confusion etched on his face.

"But. . . when-

"There's a difference between hugging and touching, Jack. He could possibly be asexual."

That threw him for a loop. He blinked and turned around to face her, now even more confused.

"Asexual. . . what's-?"

"A sexual orientation where the person doesn't get any sexual urges with somebody. They just don't want sex. It can be different in some cases, some people may not want a relationship, or want one where they both just show affection, and sometimes there are asexual people who find themselves demisexual, only wanting to have sex with somebody they've grown a bond with."

She smiled at him and pressed a hand to her chest,

"I'm demisexual myself actually, I've had a few relationships and only one did I ever have that want for sex with them, and I'd been in a relationship with them for over six years."

He could only breath, mind reeling at the information.

"So he. . . I-I just assumed. . . you're saying it wasn't me?"

Tooth only shrugged and dropped her hands, walking back over to her desk and picking up her bag.

"It's whatever he believes it to be, more importantly, you have to talk with him. It was all just a misunderstanding and you need to talk it out with him and see what he says."

She walked back over to him, smiling again as she placed her hand back on his shoulder.

"Let's get you home. You can think over things and go talk with Hiccup as soon as you can."

He smiled and nodded, walking out with her and the relieving thought that Hiccup hadn't reacted how he did because of him.

Wednesday was usually one of his favorite days, it was the halfway point in the week and the reminder that it was only one day more until Friday and the weekend. It was always nice waking up and realizing this fact.

But it didn't have the same effect that it usually did today, because Hiccup was too busy panicking over what had happened not two days

ago.

Monday he and his boyfriend had been playing video games when the other decided to try to initiate sex with him, and he responded by retching into his own trashcan. Jack had stormed out and they hadn't talked with each other since.

Yesterday had been the worst, he'd been too afraid to talk with Jack. He shamefully hid from him, also afraid for things to fall apart between them. He just \_knew \_he'd mess up this wonderful thing, knew it right from the start.

He loved what he had with Jack, walking around and openly holding hands and kissing each other and dates where they just sat and stared at the stars and kept each other warm and now he knew he had screwed everything up because of his lack of telling anybody \_'Hey I really like you but sex grosses me out lets cuddle instead!'\_

He still wasn't sure whether to come out or not, and who to first? His Dad? Jack? Astrid? And what if they all rejected him? Or made him question himself even more?

It was safe to say that all these worries had kept him up last night, and left him with getting four hours' worth of sleep, and so now here he was trying to fight off sleeping through his first period, which hadn't even started yet.

"There you are Hiccup!"

He jumped awake to Astrid's face and started to panic.

"Where were you at lunch the other day? That's one of the only other times I get to see you and you weren't there, not to mention Jack has been asking us all where you were because he wanted to talk to you."

He groaned and rubbed at his eyes, leaning on his desk and replying back,

"Astrid now really isn't a good time-"

"When will be a good time then? This isn't you, everybody is worried, even Tuffnut knew something was wrong when you weren't at lunch. Is something going on with you and Jack? Or is it your Dad? Hiccup whatever it is you can tell me-"

Oh gods he never wanted this to happen, he hadn't wanted to make everyone else worried, why couldn't he have just manned up and talked with Jack? Why did he have to go and screw everything up, it was all fine until he had to throw up at Jack's wandering hands and oh gods he was probably going to spew again.

"-I'm sure even Merida will hear you out, you just have to \_talk\_ and \_say something\_. . . Hiccup are you okay?"

If he answered he was sure to embarrass himself in front of whoever was in the classroom, so instead he ran out of the room, trying to fight down the rise of his half-digested breakfast, at least until he reached a bathroom, but just when he reached it he slammed into somebody, stumbling back and seeing that of all people it had to be

Jack.

They stared at each other, and Hiccup could only silently panic because yup he was going to be gagging his guts out in front of his boyfriend again but this time possibly \_onto\_ him.

"Hiccup! Hey, uh, we need to talk-"

He couldn't ignore his body trying to force its stomach contents out any longer and pushed past Jack, rushing into a stall and not caring for locking it as he hunched over the toilet and puked his stress away.

He sat there for a while, gasping between dry-heaves, only becoming aware of his surroundings when a tap on his shoulder and a voice softly calling his name. He looked over his shoulder and felt his heart drop at seeing Jack, even more so when he realized it used to flutter at the sight of pale hair and blue eyes.

"Are you okay? Do you need to go to the nurse?"

No, he couldn't, the nurse was sure to send him home, and his Dad would have to be called from work, and he was just bothering everybody-

"Come on, to be honest you look like shit. You should spend today at home."

He only had the energy to weakly nod, allowing Jack to help him up onto his feet, and he walked to the front office to the nurse. He was grateful that Jack didn't pry for anything, only speaking to the nurse about how he'd found Hiccup. He had to leave for his class, and Hiccup's heart sank when Jack only smiled at him before walking out. It was understandable why, everybody else would be angry if he threw up because of touching.

As soon as the words 'I threw up' passed his lips the nurse was on the phone and calling his father up, saying he was sick and needed to be taken home. He stared at the ground the whole time his father signed him out and walked out to his truck, and it was silence the whole way home, and Hiccup hated very second for having let this happen again.

They pulled into the driveway and sat for a while, he could tell his Dad was trying to figure out what to say, and he couldn't take it so he blurted out,

"You don't have to stay and watch me, you can go back to work, I can take care of myself."

". . . Are you sure son? You didn't look fine at dinner. . . I can stay if you want-"

"I don't want you to! I said I can take care of myself!"

Oh gods now he just wanted somebody to punch him in the gut, he gulped and hated himself for not looking at his dad, but instead opened the car door and brought his backpack with him, only taking a second to say,

"Please just go back, I don't want to bother you any longer."

He only assumed his father replied in some way, because he shut the door before receiving a response and walked up the steps, mentally kicking himself the whole way up to his room as he collapsed onto his bed.

Everything had been \_perfect \_three days ago, so of course the gods had to come along and tear everything to pieces, no he couldn't blame them, because he very well knew it was him. He did this.

He didn't get any sleep that night either. And he missed school the rest of the week, since the next morning while standing at the bathroom mirror and worrying about going in and facing questions from his friends again his nose began to bleed spontaneously and he freaked, and Friday he threw up again at the thought of walking out the front door. That Friday night he was yet again sat down by his Dad, third time now, and he began to sweat at realizing that \_fuck he really screwed up now.\_

"Something is wrong and you know it Hiccup."

He only stared at the ground and fidgeted with the hem of his two-two-sizes-too-big t-shirt, mind trying to determine what he should do, lie or come out? The silence stretched on and the floor creaked as his father knelt down in front of him, looking up at him.

"Three days you've missed school. The only other time you missed school so long for any reason was because of your leg. This isn't like you, can you just tell me what it is that's botherin' you?"

Hiccup bit his lip and curled his toes into the carpet, heart pounding as he realized now was the time to tell. He was sure of what he was, and his Dad had to be the first to know.

"Is it because of Jack? I thought it was just a small misunderstanding, nothin' that constitutes you missing out on school for three whole days-"

"No it-it's not, well i-it kind of is, but not really, no it is. It's kind of because of Jack."

He had his Dad's full attention now, and he sucked in a shuddering breath as the words came tumbling out.

"I reacted the way I did to Jack. . . touching me. . . because I'm. . . "

It was just one word. One word. But it was the reaction to the word that had him afraid.

" . . . you're what? Straight, sick, out with it Hiccup I just want to help you-"

"Asexual."

The deafening silence was nerve-racking to the boy, and he was too afraid to look up to see his father's facial reaction.

"I'm. . . I'm asexual. . . it's a sexual preference to no sex. . . I caused all this because of that alright?"

He finally screwed up the nerve to look up, finding his fathers confused expression facing him.

". . . asexual. . . are you sure about that? I mean, personally I'd hope you haven't experienced it yet, but unless you have-"

He sighed and stood up, rubbing his arms as he started to pace the length of the living room.

"Yes, I'm sure I'm asexual, believe me. Growing up I realized I never popped boners like other guys and I worried about it for so long, hell Dad I even watched a porn video when I was thirteen! And almost threw up because of it, and \_shit \_five days ago you found me sitting and crying in my room because Jack left from \_me throwing up when he rubbed his hands all over me!\_ Pretty sure I'm asexual!"

His chest heaved as he stared at his Dad, and he didn't care that he was crying again.

"For. . . \_years \_I worried about coming out to you, about how you'd react. What you'd say, whether you'd reject, or even \_disown \_me because of all these stories I read about others coming out and how they were beaten, or kicked out because of who they were. . . I'm scared you're going to do the same thing. . . that's why I've been acting the way I have been this whole week. . . "

They continued to stare at each other, Stoicks mouth opening and closing trying to find something to say, and Hiccup was scared that the words \_'You're not my son'\_ were going to come out any second and a sob suddenly left him and he pressed a hand to his eyes as he whispered in the most pathetic voice he'd ever used,

"Dad please say something anything \_please-\_"

"Oh son. . . "

He pulled his hand away to look at his Dad, a look of unadulterated sorrow on his face as he stepped forward.

"You really thought. . . I'd do something like that?"

He found himself slowly nodding as he rubbed a hand at one of his eyes furiously, the other hand clutching into his sweatpants hard, trying to swallow past the lump in his throat.

"Hiccup. . . "

His father stepped up to him and he hated that he flinched because he was afraid of being hit even though he'd never do such a thing, but froze up when he found himself in a tight bear hug.

"Never think anythin' like that. I'd never let the thought pass through my mind of \_ever\_ doing anythin' like that to you because of who you are. I love you, including all of . . . this."

He hugged him tighter and without another second of hesitation Hiccup

buried his head into his father's chest and started \_bawling, \_the constant-tears-snot-everywhere-desperate-clutching -releasing-\_everything \_kind of bawling. He couldn't tell how long he let himself go, only feeling his dad petting his head and his fingers numb from how tight he was holding onto the other and the scratchy beard against his cheek and the utter \_relief \_he felt knowing that he could finally be himself with no worry that he'd be ridiculed for what he was.

Eventually they pulled away, the boy still sniffing and hiccupping and rubbing at his reddened eyes.

"Feel better?"

Hiccup nodded in reply, wiping his nose, observing the prominent wet spot he left on his dad's shirt.

". . . anythin' else you need to tell me? Anybody treating bad because of this?"

He swallowed and shook his head, speaking with a wobbly voice,

"No, y-you're the only one I've come out to, nobody else knows."

A hand clasped itself on his shoulder and he looked up to caring light blue eyes.

"You tell me immediately if anybody dares to do so, alright?"

He weakly smiled and nodded again, shoulders sagging in relief for the first time in a long time now that this stupid burden was off of them.

"Good. Why don't you go get some shut-eye? You must be very tired."

He nodded one last time as he walked over to the staircase and started to climb up them, stopping when his father called out to him and he turned to face him.

". . . I'm proud of you, no matter what, okay?"

He smiled and responded back,

"Thanks Dad."

They left it at that, Hiccup going back up to his room and collapsing on his bed in relief. That was one problem finally solved. . .

A vibration by his head had him sitting up and looking at his plugged in phone on his nightstand, screen lighting up with the name Jack on it. He usually had his phone ringing, but ever since Tuesday he'd set it to vibrate, afraid to answer anything from Jack. He reached over with shaking fingers and picked it up, unlocking his phone as a notification popped up claiming he had twenty texts, ten missed calls, and five voice messages all from Jack. His heart sank at making Jack worry so much as he read and listened to the messages, words of \_\*\*'can we talk?' 'please answer'\*\*\_ and \_\*\*'please hic I miss you'\*\*\_ and clipped voices of \_"Please answer so we can talk!"\_ and \_"Hiccup please just pick up!"\_ until the last voice

message,

"\_Hiccup I know you're there, please I don't want to ruin what we have. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, and I need you,\_ please. \_I don't hate you for puking if that's what it is! I don't hate you at all! Please. . . if you need to tell me something you can do it, you can trust me. . . I just miss you, okay? I want to hear your voice and kiss your freckles and have things be like they were before. . . Hiccup. . . "\_

He trailed off like he was going to say something else, but it ended there.

He stared at his phone for a while, trying to decide what to do. After his breakdown he definitely couldn't see anybody else today, but would he be ready to face Jack the next day?

He bit his lip in thought before he went to his text thread with Jack and tapped out,

\_\*\*Meet me tomorrow night at the pond, then we can talk.\*\*\_

He immediately shut his phone off once he was sure the message sent, and began to think over what to say to Jack tomorrow.

## 5. resolution

\*\*A/N: Okay NOW here's the last chapter :D this has been amazing to write, and lots of thanks goes to all of you fabulous people for taking time out to sit and read this! Every little comment has made me smile because I seriously never imagined that it would be this well-received. Two things before I end this a/n, currently I'm searching for a beta-reader, all I ask is that you have good grammar skills and spelling, are willing to suggest ideas, have the time to commit to something like this, and don't be afraid to point out something if it doesn't seem right/in-character what-have-you no mercy as long as it's worded nicely and positively, second of all I'd like to point out that somewhere there's somebody in the situation that Hiccup was in. Not specifically with being asexual, but with the problem of coming out and the need to not bother anyone. Personally I have that problem of not wanting to bother anybody even when I have a problem. I'm always open to help, it won't change the world but it'll mean something to someone hopefully. Really sorry for the long a/n but I had a lot to say and typing is better than speaking for me. So here's the final chapter of Like a Corny Old Song :)\*\*

Before Hiccup knew it he woke up on Saturday, and laid happily under the warmth of blankets and the feeling of a good night's rest finally returned to him. He stayed like that until his foggy mind remembered what had happened the other day and he sat up in realization. He checked the clock and was shocked at how late he'd slept in; two o'clock was vastly different than his usual eleven or twelve at latest weekend morning wake-up. He reached for his phone and turned it back on, finding a few messages from his friends asking if he was alright, and a response from Jack.

\_\*\*okay, 7:00 work?\*\*\_

He took a second to reply back, and got up to stretch. He had five

hours to get ready, prepare himself for the ordeal, and walk there. As he went off to shower, he could only hope things would work out. He couldn't imagine how things would be if they broke-up, Fishlegs had even mentioned one time that he couldn't imagine them not being a couple (and that led to Hiccup and Jack being embarrassed when Fishlegs started to talk about how obvious it was they liked each other beforehand and how he'd waited for the day they finally fessed their feelings).

It was as he was toweling off his head an epiphany hit him.

Something he had to tell Jack.

He glanced at his clock and noted that it was now only a half hour to four and he groaned at the thought of waiting any longer. He was hit with another epiphany that he probably didn't have to. He snatched up his phone again.

\_\*\*Is it okay if we meet up now?\*\*\_

Ten minutes of anticipation later Jack's reply with a 'yes' came back, and he hurried in getting dressed. He'd just finished pulling on a cardigan when he heard something hit his window, by the sounds of it a stone. He walked over to open the curtains, meanwhile another stone he assumed was thrown again and hit it. Once opened he was met with the sight of seeing Jack in his front yard, arm pulled back to throw another stone at his window. Five seconds was how long Hiccup could hold in his giggles, letting his forehead touch the window as he laughed for the first time in days. Once he recovered he opened the window, talking down to Jack,

"I'll be down in a second."

He stepped back and shut the window, grabbing his phone and walking out of his room and down the stairs. It just felt like any other date between them, as if what happened days ago never happened. He stopped to tell his dad that he was going off, and stopped once again at the front door when he remembered that this wasn't like their usual dates. Unless it was normal to have dates where your relationship hung in the balance of continuing or ending. Hiccup could only take a deep breath and let it out, sending a prayer to the gods that everything would work out, then opened the front door and stepped outside.

Jack still stood where he'd first found him looking out his window, standing in the middle of his yard with a nervous hint about his person, but instantly perked up upon seeing the other step out. He flashed a smile at him. Hiccup smiled back, and tried to figure out what to say.

He'd spent so much time trying to figure out what to say, but it was hard to find what to start with. Should he come out first and beg for forgiveness, or beg first then come out after? Should he hold off until they got to the pond or blurt everything out now? Should he proclaim his love like in those old cheesy 80's movies they'd occasionally sit down and laugh at, offer a ride on a lawn mower or bring out the old radio stored somewhere in the garage and play 'Don't You Forget About Me'? Should they run at each other in slow motion then embrace and spin in circles as they cried at finally



embracing again?

But instead of doing anything whatsoever they just stared at each other, fumbling to figure what to do in sight of not having interacted normally with each other since close to a week ago.

After three minutes of mind scrambling Jack finally came up with,

"Nice weather, huh?"

Hiccup looked up at the sky, surprisingly clearer than usual and nodded in agreement.

"Yeah, perfect for trying to figure out an adolescent love problem."

Jack gave an awkward chuckle, scratching at his head while he replied,

"Yeah . . . wanna get started on that?"

They did so, walking in an awkward silence for twenty minutes towards the hidden pond of Jack's. But to their nerves it didn't feel like long enough as they walked past the last few trees hiding the area and gazing out across it, both of their hearts pounding as the moment of truth came. They stood for a second, until Hiccup managed to wave with an arm at the pond shore,

"Um, maybe we should-"

"Oh yeah, sure, good idea."

They both plopped themselves down, watching the water ripple for the longest time as they tried to figure what to say after, well everything.

Hiccup found himself absently dragging his finger through the dirt, making loops and swirls in an effort to ease his frantic mind, when Jack spoke suddenly,

"Sorry for leaving like that. . . "

The brunette looked up, watching as Jack picked up a nearby stone, slightly bigger than a quarter and fiddling with it.

"It was a pretty dickish move I pulled that whole time, just, the idea that I made you feel like that-"

"No you never did!"

Blue eyes darted over to him, shocking him at the sudden attention, as he stumbled to continue,

"I-I never felt like that at any time with you. It just, the idea of doing that really. . . I mean it's basically just groaning like an animal and sweating everywhere, really doesn't sit very well with me, "

Jack gave a half-hearted laugh at the sight of Hiccup's look of

disgust, dropping his stone and hooking his arm around a propped up knee.

"I understand it's for the pleasure and the natural cycle of life, but it's just not like that for me."

Another silence passed before Jack clucked his tongue and hesitantly spoke,

"Sooooo. I'm right to assume that you're . . . ?"

Hiccup blinked and cast a side-long glance at him, nodding,

"Um, yeah, I'm asexual."

The other nodded, and he was surprised at how anti-climactic it turned out.

". . . So. . . you know what being asexual is . . . ?"

Jack nodded again, leaning forward to drag the tips of his fingers in the water.

"Yeah, I kinda went to talk with a friend after all . . . that happened. She explained that there was a possibility that you were like that."

"So you you're fine with . . . having none of that? Never doing anything that intimate? Ever?"

He looked back at the other, allowing a smile to show.

"Yeah, if you'd prefer not to, I'm fine with it. I don't want to make you do anything that you're not comfortable with."

The brunette gave a half-hearted smile, looking down at his hands in his lap, throat going dry as he timidly asked,

"So you don't think that, I need to have sex to really know, or want to break up with me for somebody who'll do all that for you?"

Jacks response was immediate, twisting his torso to better shoot him a look.

"Like hell I'd do any of that! You're just being yourself, your skinny, freckly, asexual self, and me and the whole world have no right to say any different."

A long silence stretched between them after that, broken when Jack gave a nervous chuckle.

"Well, at least our parents won't have to worry about us getting any STDs or having babies."

Hiccup gave an airy laugh, nodding in agreement.

"There's a plus to being asexual, never having to worry about impregnating the other."

"Except that one thing you had to click on to read."

"Okay how was I supposed to know that it would escalate into the girl giving birth to a human and dragon mixed baby? I already said I was sorry for scarring you for life!"

"Still not forgiven."

The playful banter dropped suddenly, remembering the current situation, and Hiccup played with his fingers in his lap as he meekly spoke up,

"So . . . \_do\_ you forgive me, for this whole mess?"

Jack removed his hand from the water and wiped it off on his pants leg, scooting himself back and angling himself to face Hiccup, bringing their faces closer together.

"I forgave you the moment I saw your face in the window."

Then they were kissing and Hiccup was so relieved he could cry but found himself too busy melding his lips with Jack's chapped ones. They broke for air and he remembered what he'd realized back when he was drying off from his shower and now was as good a time as any to say it.

These simple words always meant way more than they said. It was something that put \_You make me happy You make me smile You make me feel special I care for you I want to spend the rest of my life with you \_all into three small words and he never realized how much they meant to himself until now.

His mother said it to him once after an incident that left a scar on his chin; he could only remember that it had scared her badly. He could remember how tightly she clutched him and whispered those words like a mantra, petting his hair down.

His father had done the exact same thing the moment he'd woken up after the forest fire in a hospital bed, disoriented and shocked at the loss of his leg until he'd been engulfed by his parent and faintly heard those words.

Those were the words he'd said to Toothless, when his father had at first refused the mutt to be brought to the household, and he sat crying in his room and he'd been afraid of losing his only best friend that day.

Now he said it to Jack because that's what he truly felt for him. He was the only person to make him snort and giggle in the roughest of times, make him feel like that one in a million every time they held hands, and had that want to grow old with him into their cynical grampa years because he didn't want to miss a moment with him.

"I love you."

The moment froze in time, light pants filling the little space between them along with the words Hiccup had breathed out, forest green eyes boring into icy blue ones in search for some kind of response.

Jack's face stayed a blank slate until it broke out into a grin,

"I love you too."

Then they were kissing again, but this time easing to the ground below, with full intention of staying there longer. There was no care for time, only the need to bask in these new found feelings and have them savor it.

After they were kissed breathless, they were content to lay there for much longer, each throwing an arm lazily over each other and tangle legs together and finally breathe now that the crisis was averted.

A sudden rumbling of a stomach broke the tranquil silence.

". . . Well that was a mood-killer."

Hiccup couldn't help the bark of laughter as he swatted a hand at his boyfriend.

"Sorry that I haven't eaten a proper anything since lunch Monday!"

Jack blinked at the information, sitting up.

"Seriously? You're already ninety pounds; you don't need to get any thinner."

He stood up and dusted off the seat of his pants (and don't think that Hiccup didn't take a moment to have some appreciation for that booty because boy he \_doooooooooo\_ \_have the booty\_) before leaning down to pull Hiccup up.

"Shall I recommend the one place I'm guaranteed to have enough to pay for both of us because everywhere else is way too expensive?"

"I take that recommendation with open arms."

As they walked away Hiccup smiled at how seamlessly they slipped back into things, happy to feel Jack's cool fingers laced together with his own freckled ones once again.

Later as they downed burgers and fries with yet again flat soda he asked Jack what had interested him about the jukebox located in the semi-bar.

"Just this song somebody picked out, and it's like the cheesiest thing ever."

Hiccup took a second to listen to the lyrics, grinning after a while.

"True it is, but you gotta admit how accurate it explains teenage romance."

Jack rolled his eyes as he sat back in their booth, grabbing hold of the ketchup bottle and drizzling it all over his new set fries.

"Are you saying our relationship is like a corny old song?"

Hiccup laughed as Jack took one of the plain fries and balanced it on

his upper lip, pursing them together to form a comical duck face in an effort to keep the fried potato in its spot.

"What relationship isn't?"

Hiccup hadn't expected anything for this particular day, the only thing that made it stand-out was the fact that it had been half a year since he and Jack had started their relationship, and they weren't really all for celebrating even month anniversaries between them. That was the one teenage love cliché they were happy to avoid. Or at least that's was what he thought until lunchtime.

Everybody he usual sat with had just arrived, bearing lunch trays and lunchboxes, and happily chatted away, but there was something about how Fishlegs kept on biting his lip to keep random giggles under control and how Astrid shot him a smile every time they talked and how Tuffnut and Ruffnut kept on passing glances between him and Jack, and the firmly plastered smirk on his boyfriends face.

He got up to toss out his trash, unaware of the action happening behind his turned back as everybody swiped their things off the tables while Jack climbed up on top of it.

He'd just finished throwing his waste into the receptacle as a loud voice made him jump and whirl around and stare in shock at the sight of Jack with hands cupped to his face as he practically screamed,

"\_FELLOW STUDENT BODY, CAN I GET YOUR ATTENTION?\_"

Silence followed immediately after, and Jack grinned as he threw his arms out in gesture.

"I pause you from your lunch to perform a trick,"

Hiccup gasped as Jack waved a hand over to him,

"Watch as I make my boyfriend change colors in less than forty seconds and possibly shatter all your ear drums from what I'm about to horribly sing!"

He cleared his throat before looking back over at Hiccup and warbling out in a true to his word horribly exaggerated singing,

"Hey we've been dating, for half a yearrrrr now, and I really love you,"

He held out his arms, Astrid off to the side threw five wrapped up red roses into them, and held them out to Hiccup with a smile leaning more towards hopeful as he finished,

"So prom maybe?"

Hiccup sat stunned for a moment, then ran at Jack (who'd had the right idea to climb down off the table) and slammed into him, burying his face into the crook of his neck as he squeaked out a yes and smiling like a fool as Jack hugged him back and the whole room broke into applause.

Later on as he viewed the video Fishlegs had taken, he found he had

indeed changed colors in the amount of time his prom date had said, denying the offer for a copy of it because he knew that even with amnesia he'd still remember that moment.

End  
file.